wanders about all night or sleeps in an outhouse. She is either found by the police or goes back home in the morning and concocts on the way a story of rape, particularized by the most minute details, not one of which is corroborated on examination, nor can the police find a scrap of evidence in support of her story. Yet she becomes the interesting prey of some Vigilance Committee, and it is more by good luck than by "good guiding" that she does not pick out and name some unfortunate man for the gratification of the prominent curiosity of the fussy women who have taken up her case. In one of these cases, the interesting wanderer, by misfortune, selected as her victim the husband of the chairwoman of her committee, and thus trouble came upon her and the committee was dissolved.

Dr. Tait also relates in the same journal how he happened to be present when the following case was tried: A man was accused of rape on a child. The fate of the wretched defendant rested on the evidence of an aged practitioner from the Yorkshire Moors, whose opinion was decided that the defendant had communicated venereal disease to the child. This opinion was based on a pair of the old fashioned squares of window glass, such as used to be employed for vaccination purposes, between which he had reserved some discharge from the vulva of the child. This, examined by means of a pocket lens of some 12 or 14 diameters he declared to indicate gonorrhea beyond all doubt!

The defendant had been granted a dock brief by the judge, and a timid junior was doing his best under the circumstances for his client and fate ruled that the barrister sat next to Dr. Tait who pencilled a few questions which knocked the modest witness out of court as a highly discredited person. A special examination of the child showed the usual dirty vaginitis of children without any injury and the case was not even put to the jury. And so an innocent man was acquitted purely by accident. Had Dr. Tait not happened to drop in into court that morning the poor wretched defendant would undoubtedly have been convicted.

For The American Journal of Urology and Sexology

THE SORROWS OF JENNIE JUNE

By "Ralph Werther-Jennie June"

He was one of the very few youths of sixteen who had already learned the meaning of sorrow. For his lot in life happened to be no ordinary one. While he was the son of a prosperous village merchant, and in respect to material and intellectual goods was privileged

above the average, Providence had picked out for him a hard row to hoe. He had been foreordained to such temptations, to a course of conduct so violently anathematized, as fall to the lot of hardly one human being in a hundred; and to such sorrow as life brings to hardly one out of a thousand.

Can the reader conjure up in his mind any worse fate for a youth, when just on the threshold of manhood, than to be regarded as the lowest of the low, a monster of wickedness, and an outcast from society, when actually the stripling is offenceless?

Can the reader conjure up any worse fate for a youth than for Mother Nature to make him essentially a girl—and a very high-strung one at that—and then foreordain that *she* should be brought up as a boy, and compelled, when away from home—at school, office, or factory— to be always and in every place with members of the sterner sex?

Such was the burden that the youthful Ralph Werther had to bear, and such is the burden imposed by Dame Nature on one youth out of every three hundred in every social set of every country in the world. Such is the lot of the cordially hated androgynes, the young women whom Nature has disguised as young men. Superficially and according to law, they are men; but psychicly and essentially, they are women.

Being neither male nor female, with whom do androgynes associate? Up to the dawning of puberty—the early teens—they associate, when at liberty, with the gentle sex, since they are girls in mind. Subsequently, those of them who do not happen to be over-conscientious, forsake that sex, and mingle intimately with the sturdy sex—but never in the latter's sports. For in sports they are as awkward as girls, and besides, having only the physique of the latter, they lack the vitality necessary for manly sports.

But Mother Nature happened to make Ralph Werther over-conscientious. While, after entering his thirteenth year, he was ashamed longer to play with girls, his modesty forbade his seeking the companionship of other youths. Thus from the age of thirteen to eighteen, he passed a solitary, companionless existence. He was privileged to have no chum or bosom friend, as have all normal young ladies and gentlemen. Now being excluded from the pastimes of both the sexes—on account of his belonging to a third and as yet unrecognized sex—he found his only recreation from his industrious student life in long walks on country roads. During these solitary rambles, he often brooded because Nature had consigned him to membership in this third sex:

Miserable wretch! Miserable wretch! Miserable wretch! That's all I am! I was born with a deformed nature, despicable in

the eyes of all people! I am a soft, effeminate young man who is wanted nowhere! I am ashamed to look any one in the face! I feel like putting an end to my life, or else going off to some place where none of my family or friends will know I am! I have nothing to live for! I may be disgraced, disgrace my family, be compelled to flee, be disowned by my parents, be cursed and be despised throughout the land!"

One evening as the sixteen-year-old Werther sat at home reading, an older sister took occasion to vent her spite on him because of her disgust at his effiminacy: "You little coward! Even eight-year-old George has more pluck than you! I was so mortified at the Sunday School picnic yesterday when you refused to join your class in the shooting contest! Do you realize you were the only boy in the whole school to refuse to pick up the rifle? We could hardly make the other boys wait their turn. Are you afraid of getting killed firing off a pop-gun? And today you do look like a freak with that pink ruffled shirt on! Why don't you give it to some nigger?"

"Yes," chimed in Werther's mother, "and he is careless about tipping his hat to ladies."

"Mother, make him go to the Curzon's party next Wednesday. He stays away from all social gatherings. He will grow up a regular boob."

"You needn't think I am going to any party! I do not care about putting myself forward as a man, and I do not like to pay gallantries to women!"

"You will never make a man unless you do, son! I insist on one thing, and that is, that you go to the Curzon party."

Wednesday evening arrived, and Ralph Werther, with two score other young people, was lounging in the Curzon parlors. His older sister had seen to it that he escorted a girl friend. Unfortunate female, to have as an escort merely one of her own sex whom Nature had disguised as a man!

It was torture to Werther to have to mingle with the young set and act—for himself—the unnatural part of a man. Accordingly, at the first opportunity, he escaped alone to the garden of the mansion. Through the windows he could see the brilliancy lighted drawing-rooms filled with the gay youthful throng. The sight moved him to tears.

"To think that Providence permits to all other young people the joys of love and courtship, and I alone am destined never to have a share in them! Because if I followed my inclinations along these lines, people would think it monstrous, and I would have to part with my good name! I wish I might get away from the world, and

live as a monk! Or better in my own case, as a hermit. Then I would be in a way unsexed, and would be so regarded by the world.

"People see that I am an effeminate man! An effeminate man! And my sister recently hinted to me that she does not like effeminate men! Who can like them?

"I feel that there is nothing which can henceforth give me interest in life! I feel so mortified that I am a man-woman! Oh, it looks as if there were no God in the world!" * * * *

"My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee!"

It was from the lips of the sixteen-year-old Ralph Werther that these lines fell. They formed the key words of a public prayer that he was uttering in the mid-week evening "prayer-meeting" of a puritan sect of Christians in the Connecticut hills. For at that early age he had happened to develop into a religious prodigy, notwithstanding that he was the most melancholy person in the village. Because of his talents for church work, he had already dedicated his life as a preacher of the Gospel when he should have finished his education.

As he led the worshippers in their heartfelt supplications for the Divine compassion on suffering humanity, tears were running down his cheeks, and his voice was trembling with emotion. For he could not help remembering his own personal need of that compassion—a greater need than that of any other worshipper present.

Always at the close of "prayer-meeting," all other youths escorted leisurely home the young virgins of the church, and then lingered with them, hanging for an hour over the gate in blissful conversation. In the meantime, Werther was making his solitary way outside the village to an abandoned, desolate graveyard. He throws himself on a grass-covered grave, writhes in an agony of tears and moans, and even shrieks repeatedly. All his muscles seem to be rigid, and his fists are clinched. He digs his finger-nails into his palms, and throws his arms about wildly.

"Change my nature, O God, by a miracle, this very moment, and give me the mind and powers of a man! . . . .

"Am I being tried by fire? 'For every one will be salted with fire,' says the Bible. Are others so tried by fire as I have been nearly all my life? Maybe this is what God is doing to me in implanting the strongest of desires, and then forbidding my gratifying it. . . .

"I am experiencing the enslaving power of sin. I now know how to sympathize with poor sinners, drunkards and worse. I will flog myself, and starve myself, to see if I can not conquer my body. . . .

"I feel tonight that I can never become a preacher of the Gospel. I feel that I must give up all my plans for a respectable and even honored career, and that maybe I shall come to a miserable end! . . . .

"How I wish that all instinct would die in me! It makes my life miserable. How gladly would I be free from all desire, so that I could make a name for myself in the world! A person with my nature can hardly be a scholar and a preacher."

Behold, the Gethsemane of Ralph Werther—more widely known subsequently as "Jennie June"! Such scenes occurred frequently from the age of sixteen to nineteen, during which years—notwithstanding his deep religious convictions—he repeatedly meditated suicide. Some over-conscientious androgynes do commit suicide soon after puberty. After the hour of bitter tears and pleadings to his Creator, Werther would be in a state of mental and physical collapse for twenty-four hours. * * * *

At this same age of sixteen, he left the village to enter a college in New York City, from which his home was distant only one hour by express train. He continued to be active in religious work, and for this reason, during his sophomore year, had been appointed a delegate to a students' missionary convention in another city. He happened to have as room-mate a delegate from another college whom he had never met before. Werther found himself in a new and unexpected situation. Of course he sought to cancel his sex, but unsuccessfully.

The next morning, in the presence of Werther himself and several other students, his room-mate spoke sarcastically of him, and thus visited upon his head what the room-mate considered to be deserved punishment. As Werther slunk away, crushed with shame, he heard the room-mate remark: "He is not the kind of a person one wants to associate with." They never saw him again, as he left by the next train.

"What have I ever done that God should make me suffer so?" the future "Jennie June" reflected as he held his handkerchief to his eyes, to soak up the tears, while seated on the train. "I feel that my androgynism bars me out of the ministry, the profession of my choice, and most likely out of all other professions. I feel that this peculiarity is going to wreck my life, and never permit me to make any return to my parents for all they have done for me. I have no hope for the future. In the convention, while I would be singing with the rest, I was in thought hacking my body to pieces with a sword, or piercing my breast with a dagger. My continuous prayer was:

'Father, Father, hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by!' "

The convention was to me a lesson in resignation. The other young men were divinely brought there to be inspired with the Holy Spirit, to be instructed in regard to missionary fields and methods, to be called to preach the Gospel among those who sit in darkness; but I was brought there to learn the lesson of resignation in affliction, to experience the crushing to the earth by the mighty hand of God, to be tried like Isaac to see whether I am willing to be morally slain in my youth in a way which seems inexplicable. I have been preparing myself to become a foreign missionary, having had this career in mind from childhood: but God and Nature have undoubtedly destined me for the shameful vocation of fille de joie. Even during childhood I would have day dreams of such a career. I have resisted my fate with all the powers of my will and of my deeply religious disposition, but one can not, even with the utmost effort, wash out the leopard's spots!

A STUDY IN SELF-REVELATION

By Jane I. Robertson, M. B.
Assistant Physician, Glasgow Royal Asylum
(Glasgow Med. Journal)

This account of a case of acute mental disturbance seems to the writer to be of interest owing to the curious way in which the patient herself laid bare the essential factors that culminated in her mental breakdown. This the patient did without either any instigation from without, or any intellectual grasp herself of the significance of her utterances. Owing, possibly, partly to this fact—her lack of insight and power of sane reassociation—and partly to her bad family history, etc., the patient has not made a complete recovery, and seems likely to become a case of chronic delusional insanity. The writer is no adept in the so-called "newer" psychology, nor has any experience of psycho-analysis, which may partly be why the patient made an incomplete recovery, and these notes were written over a period of nearly two years merely as a record—faulty enough—of a case that seemed rather unusual in some ways. One may or may not agree with Freud or Jung, but that this unsophisticated patient, of ordinary Scottish school board education, should so closely elaborate many of their views, struck the writer as extraordinarily suggestive.

No detailed picture of the patient's intimate life was obtained on her admission, and it was only as the illness progressed, and as various relatives could be approached at different times, that a more or less complete account was pieced together. This account bore out most of the statements made by the patient.

Mrs. R., a young married woman of 36 years, was admitted to